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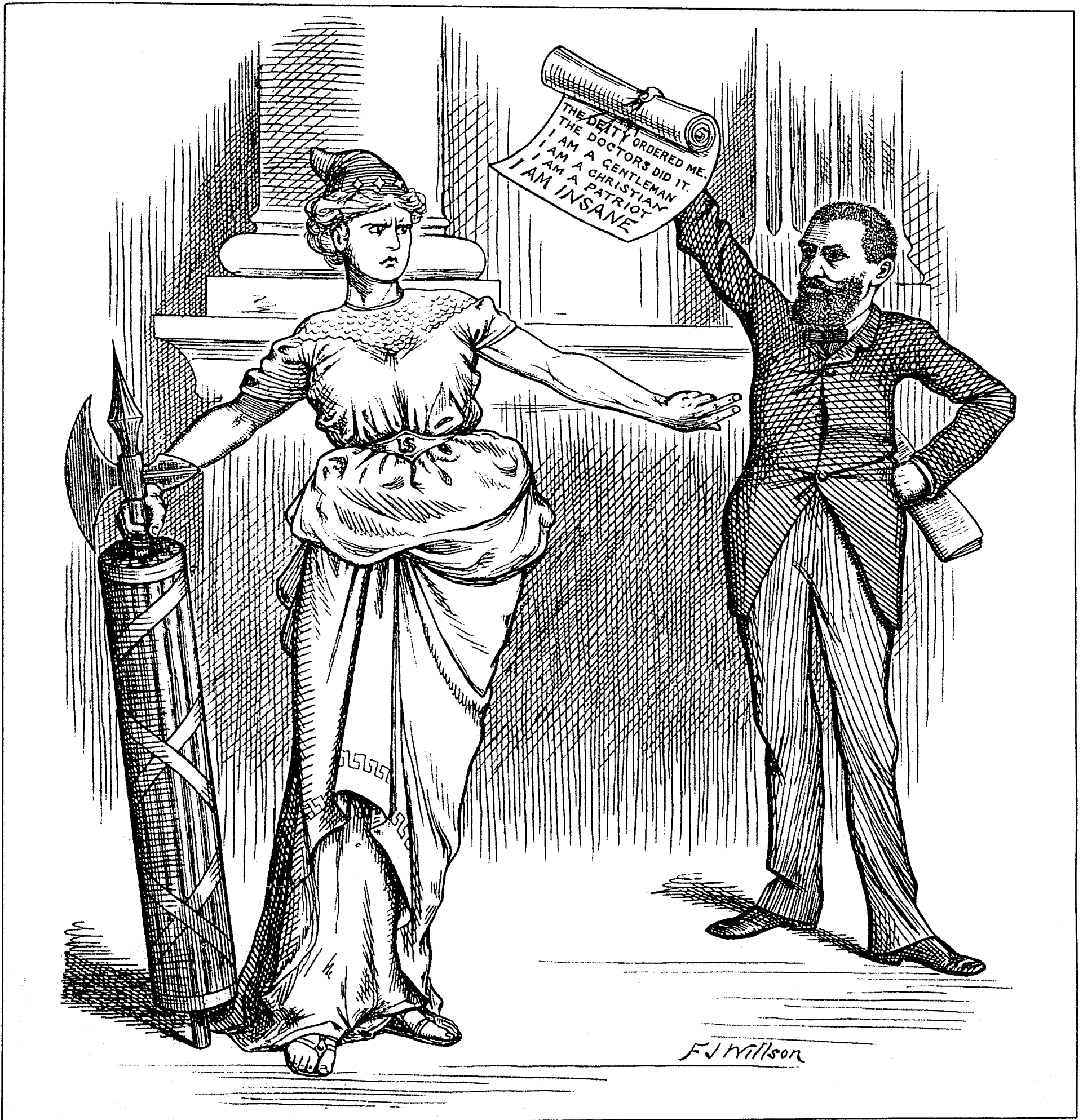
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# Wholesale News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
} \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



AT WASHINGTON.  
COLUMBIA :—"Yes, you shall have justice, but——"

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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## TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 20th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 40°	34°	39°	Mon.. 35°	25°	30°
Tues.. 40°	33°	36°	Tues.. 33°	25°	29°
Wed.. 36°	20°	28°	Wed.. 35°	21°	28°
Thur.. 48°	32°	40°	Thur.. 38°	28°	33°
Fri.. 52°	45°	48°	Fri.. 36°	26°	31°
Sat.. 31°	27°	29°	Sat.. 32°	19°	25°
Sun.. 28°	19°	23°	Sun.. 34°	20°	27°

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—At Washington—Mignon—The Missing Link—A Trip to Muskoka—The Scots Greys Charging the Mob at Limerick—The race for the "America" Cup—The Popular Candidate on a Canvas—Bronze Group by Max Klein.

THE WEEK.—Mme. Gerster-Gardini—Patti in New York—A Ridiculous Scene—Ross and Hanlan Again—The *Voltaire* on Yorktown—Advantages of the Elevated Railroad.

MISCELLANEOUS.—News of the Week—Our Illustrations—"Quire Singers"—Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic—Sea Weeds—A Barrow of Primroses—A Race for Life—Frederick Douglass—The Bow String—Beppo—An Extraordinary Affair—Got the Bills Mixed—Echoes from London—A Knight of Any Century—Queen Anne's Son—Flirts Varieties—Humorous—Our Chess Column.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublunary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 26, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

THE music-loving world of Montreal had an unusual treat last week in the appearance of Mme. GERSTER-GARDINI at the Queen's Hall. It is not often that we have the chance of hearing an artiste of Mdm. GERSTER's excellence. Moreover the company she brought with her was far above the average of those which usually accompany a musical star, and is in strong contrast, from all accounts with the support which Mme. PATTI has brought with her to this country. We shall not attempt to criticize the programme. The musical critics of the city have already done their worst over it, and Mme. GERSTER can only be criticized by comparison with *artistes* of the same rank whose visits to Montreal are unhappily few and far between. Enough to say that she sang as well as ever, and that the singing of the whole company, if we except one member of it, was far above the average of what we are accustomed to hear. If some of our friends were more willing to learn and less eager to criticize, we would say to them: "Listen and admire when you get the chance, and be thankful, without opening your own mouths." A nod is as good as a wink, etc.

Of Mme. PATTI's appearance in New York it can only be said that the result has by no means equalled the expectations, as far at least as the receipts are concerned. If Madame PATTI had come to the United States under engagement with the ring of managers which is gradually and certainly acquiring the control of the amusement business of the country, she would have made a great financial success. But she had the temerity to try, at least, to make for herself whatever profit there might be in the undertaking. She has tried it, and is probably by this time convinced that America is the last country in the world where even superlative artistic merit stands any chance whatever when brought into opposition to one of those monopolies that New York delights to foster. As a matter of fact the public of New York do not by any means flock to hear the *diva*. Mme. PATTI was offered an enormous sum for her services, and is probably by this time regretting that she did not accept it. It is true she has done the worst possible thing in the selection of thoroughly incompetent managers, and that she has brought a poor company. It is true that the prices are high, though no more than is paid in London on similar occasions. Still, all allowances made, the result is a disappointment.

HOWEVER, be it said, what the public lacks in numbers it makes up for in enthusiasm, though enthusiasm displayed as it was on the night of Mme. PATTI's first appearance militates rather against her than for her, since those who had charge of the ridiculous ceremonial, in which the *diva* herself declined to take part, succeeded in wearying the patience of the audience, if not in thoroughly disgusting them; and the would-be presenter of an enormous wreath, with which Mme. PATTI wisely declined to be crowned, was greeted with shouts of "turn the fool out," "we've had enough of this nonsense." Mme. PATTI is a great *artiste*, and America should be justly proud of her, but there is a legitimate way of showing such pride.

THOSE who expect to see a race between HANLAN and ROSS may be disappointed after all. According to agreement, the race was set down for November 15th, and HANLAN had expressed a desire to row upon Crève Cœur Lake, near St. Louis, being impelled to this decision, as he acknowledges, by the offer of \$2,500 and a share of the profits by the owners of the railroad connecting St. Louis with the

lake. Somebody, however, has been offering ROSS more money to row on his fishpond, and ROSS has refused to row HANLAN unless he be allowed to name the place of meeting, generously agreeing, however, to divide the profits. What has become of our old ideas of sport. The noble art of rowing seems somehow to have got inextricably mixed with the equally noble art of money-making. Poor HANLAN. Why should he not be left in peace to his legitimate occupation of beer-selling instead of being bothered with challenges to row for championships and things of such comparative unimportance.

It is curious that so polished and well-bred a nation as the French cannot resist sacrificing good taste to a sense of the ridiculous. The French journals are filled with witticisms at the expense of the recent reception of their delegates at Yorktown. However American customs may compare with the higher degree of refinement and ceremony to which their visitors were accustomed at home, there seems to be but one idea outside of Paris as to their reception, and the whole nation seems to have vied with one another to do honour to the national guests. Under these circumstances the description the *Voltaire* gives of the French view of the matter, however witty its readers may find it, is not calculated to promote the *entente cordiale* between the two nations which was, we presume, the main object of the ceremony itself. The French guests, says that eminent French journal, were hurried about like Cook's tourists in Paris. They were taken to see railways running on stilts—the aerial railways of New York; they were introduced to a coarse, uncouth functionary, rendered yet more ridiculous by his uncouth uniform, distributing twenty-seven shakes of the hand without saying one word, because he knew not one word of French. They saw the still unfinished Brooklyn bridge, incomplete after ten years' work; scores of generals; the huge ferries on the Hudson, famous for their collisions. They saw the famous firemen manoeuvre, when only two men were killed; they went to Niagara, &c. All this is in the worst taste, and to convict a Parisian of an error in good taste should be the bitterest of rebukes.

POOR HAYDN. Austria wants a new national hymn. Nevertheless it seems doubtful whether, even in response to the offered prize of 1,000 florins, any modern musician will come forward with a composition superior to that masterpiece of the composer of the Creation, the possession of which other nations have long envied them. But it seems HAYDN is out of date in Austria, or else the loyalty of the new generation has been developed at the expense of their musical bumps. Probably something by WALT WHITMAN, with music by the Prophet of the Future is the kind of little thing they need. Only they'll have to get "Wat" to leave out the first person, and WAGNER to score the parts a trifle lighter than usual. There will be some merit at all events in the new idea. Such a composition as that suggested will take the average street boy some time to learn, and will require a barrel organ of phenomenal construction for its proper performance. But we may be sure that the *gamin* and the organ-grinder will triumph over it in the end, as they have surmounted the lesser difficulties of "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle."

If the account which the *Hour* gives of a recent occurrence on a Third Avenue elevated train be substantially correct, the railway in question would seem like all things human, to have its failings. A passenger, it is said, grasped the gate at the moment it was closed by the conductor and held on, expecting the latter to open it. There was ample time to admit the passenger, but the conductor refused to do so, and when nearing the end of the platform dealt him a blow which

felled him like an ox, thereby saving his life, for in another moment he would have fallen into the street. The conductor, upon being expostulated with by the spectators, remarked that he only obeyed his orders. "Even though you had killed the man?" "Yes," he replied indifferently; "I had to obey my orders, even if I had killed him." It would be interesting to know whether this view of the matter would be taken by a Grand Jury, on a trial for manslaughter. *Quien sabe?* They manage things differently in New York from our old-fashioned ways.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MASSACRE and famine in the Transvaal. SMALLPOX is epidemic at Dayton, W. T. RAILROAD traffic in Central Russia has been interrupted by snow. CARDINAL NINA has been appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Caterini. THE Russian army is to be reorganized on the German system. FIVE hundred persons are dying daily from cholera at Mecca. THE Canadian fleet has been moved into its winter quarters. THE Irish Land Court has 45,000 applications before it. THE Pacific National Bank of Boston has temporarily suspended. THE Russian Lieutenant Subanoff, arrested for supplying Nihilists with dynamite, is said to have been executed secretly. THE population of the United States is 50,155,783, an increase of 30 per cent in the decade. The recent census cost \$4,400,000. THE speech from the throne of the Emperor of Germany has created much excitement. There were rumours that the Emperor had resigned. ANOTHER French company has been formed to work the phosphate mines in the county of Ottawa. Two thousand men are already at work in the various sections. THE village of Elm, in Switzerland, is threatened with extinction. The summit of the peak overhanging the village is moving. A WARRANT is out for the arrest of Mathieu Valery, late director of the Marseilles Steam Navigation Company, for swindling the Company out of immense sums. A BATCH of registered letters at Hatton Gardens, London, supposed to contain watches and diamonds worth £40,000 have been stolen. TENANTS are withdrawing their notices to the Land Court on account of the favourable arrangement made between landlord and tenant on the Brown estate. THE Mikado of Japan has issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of a constitution with representative to come into force in 1890. It appears that the fire on the steamship *Severn* was caused by the bursting of a barrel of naphtha, the cargo consisting of spirits and oils. A FARMER in County Kerry was hauled out of his bed by an armed band, and having acknowledged paying his rent, was fired at five times and severely wounded. A PROMINENT citizen of Sydney, New South Wales offers £500 as a prize in a rowing match on the Paramatta River for the Championship of the world. MR. PUGSLEY, barrister, of St. John, N.B., on behalf of himself and others, has purchased several thousand acres of land from the Syndicate in the Souris district. The object is to locate a New Brunswick colony there. A DISASTROUS collision occurred on Lake Erie last Saturday week, resulting in the sinking of the schooner *Carlingford*, wheat laden, worth about \$20,000, and the splendid new iron steamer *Brunswick*, valued at \$150,000. Four persons were drowned.

## HUMOROUS.

AN Irish doctor declares that for invalids the only safe climate in Europe is North Africa. MAIDEN lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism, "Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives." A POONAH paper contains the following description of the suicide of a young woman: "She ended her virtuous life in the cool retreat afforded by a convenient and umbrageous well." EVERYTHING HIGH.—A young lady who is doing the A's, reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high; everything is high in this country. Please send me some money." WE may live without poetry, music and art, We may live without conscience and live without heart; We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man cannot live without cooks. He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love—what is passion but pining? But where is the man who can live without dining? —Owen Meredith.





MIGNON.—FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE HOM.

"THE MISSING LINK."



"Mrs. B— requests the pleasure"—  
Mr. Jones o'erjoyed will be—  
"Half-past nine, to tread a measure ;  
Come in time. R S. V. P."



Jones his best dress shirt raust put on,  
Extra polish on his hair,  
"Hang it, there's that collar button  
Slipped my fingers I declare."



Take the lamp and search the carpet,  
P'raps it's fallen in the grate ;  
Hurry up my friend, look sharp, it  
Will not do to be too late.



'Neath the bed he dives despairing—  
Lots of old cigar stumps there—  
If he's not exactly swearing,  
Well I think that I should swear.



Tragic grows the situation—  
Nine o'clock already past,  
"Where's that button? Sure my patien—  
c' I shall surely lose at last."



"Where's the pincushion, I ll fix it—  
That one's broken, what a beast—  
Botheration how it pricks—it  
Must be half-past nine at least."



Hasty, flurried, hot, perspiring,  
Late, he reaches Mrs. B—'s  
Friends at intervals enquiring  
If he don't feel quite at ease.



Sulks disgusted in the entry  
Wishes he had never come ;  
Tires quite soon of playing sentry  
Makes his bow and hurries home.

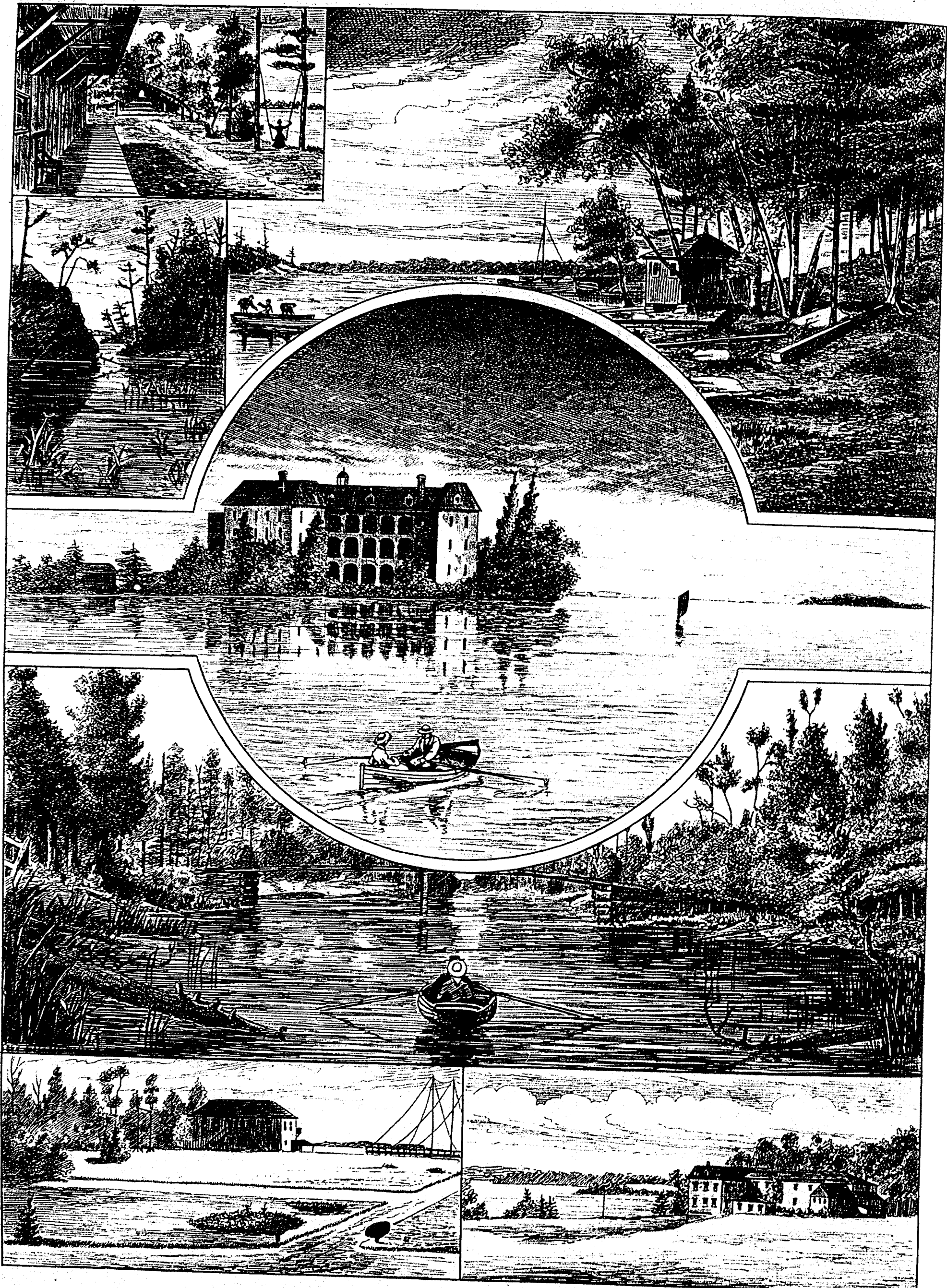


Harries home and doffs his panta—  
Well I won't your feelings shock—  
Fishes out the stud instanter  
From the bottom of his sock.

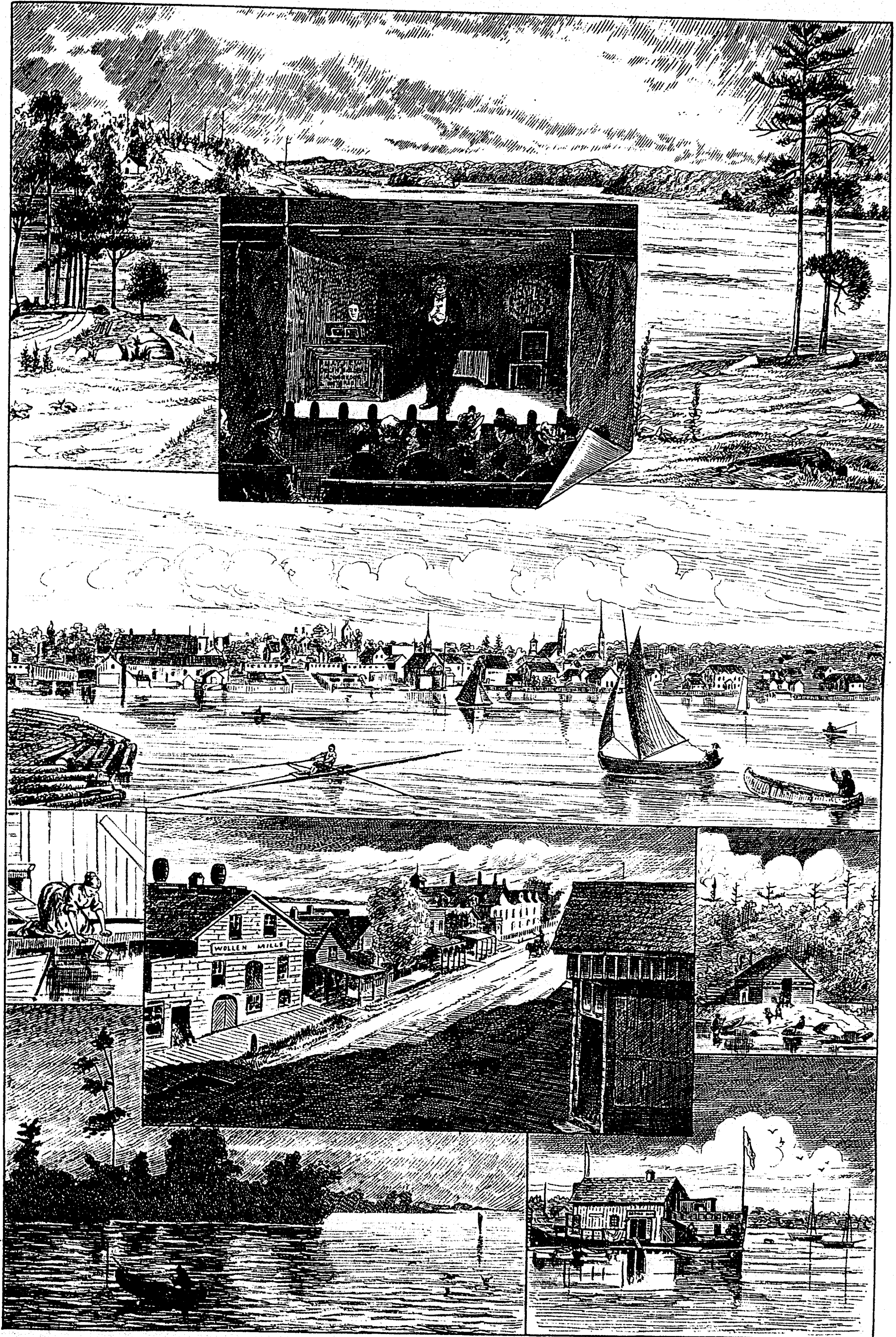








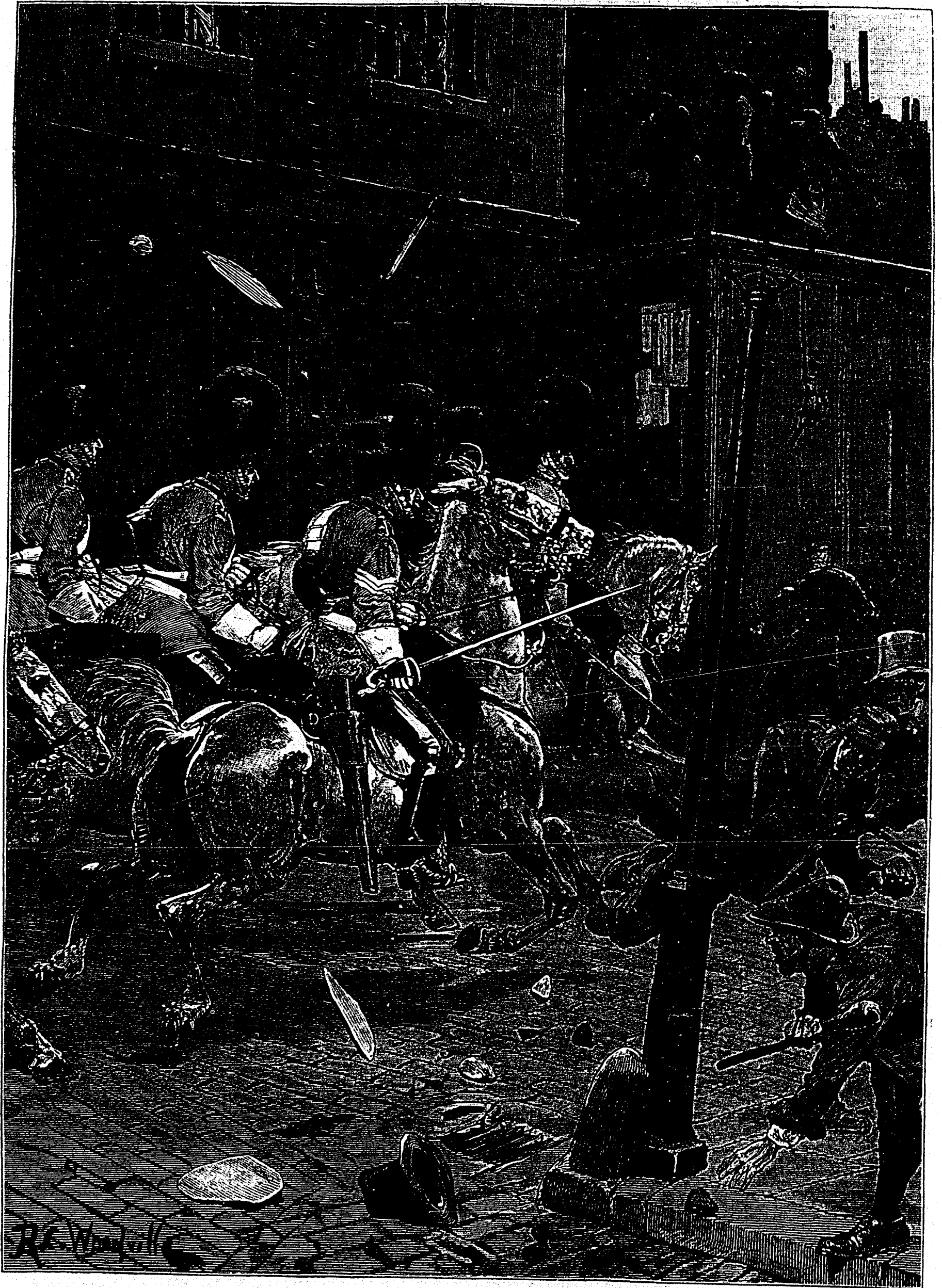
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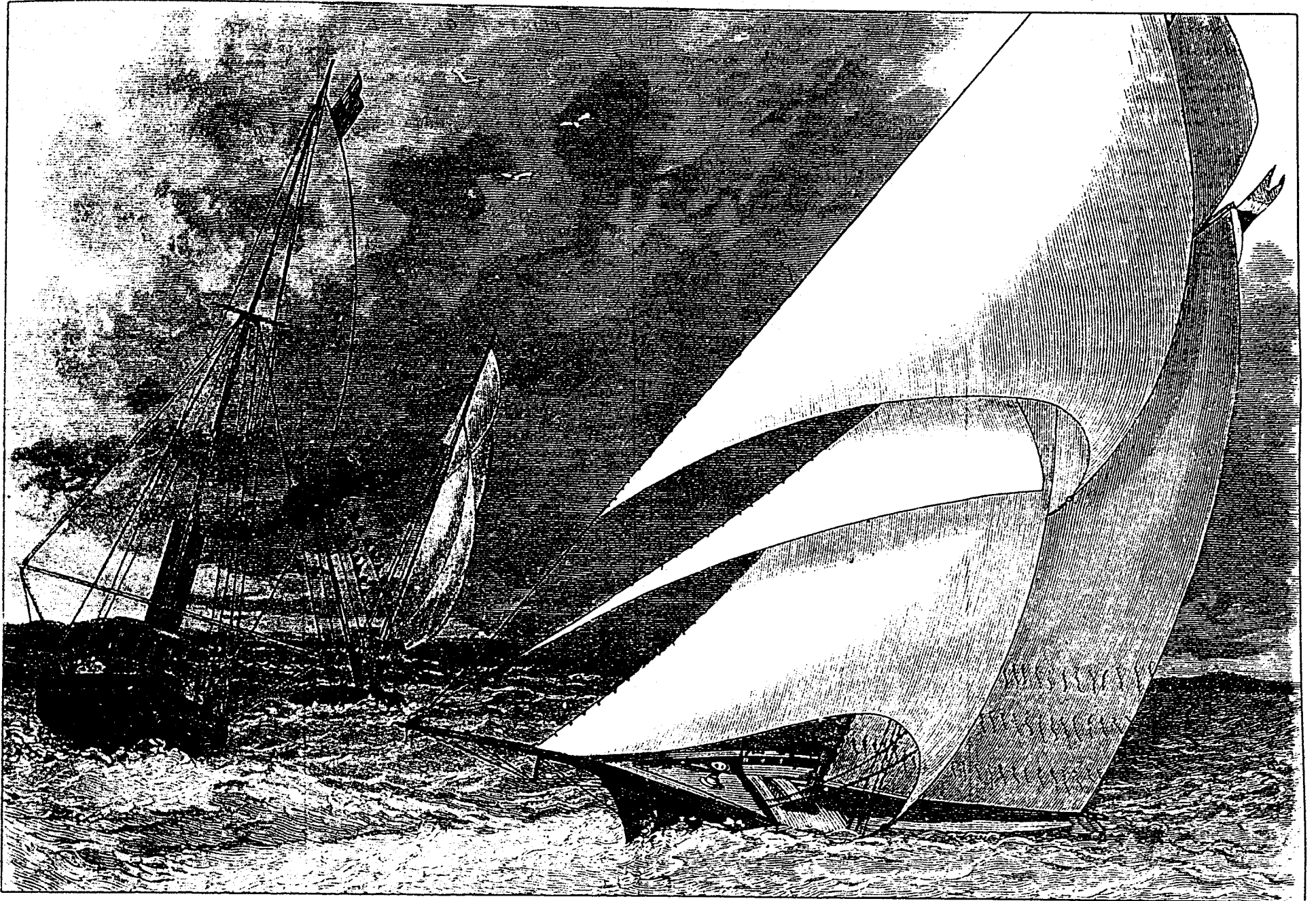
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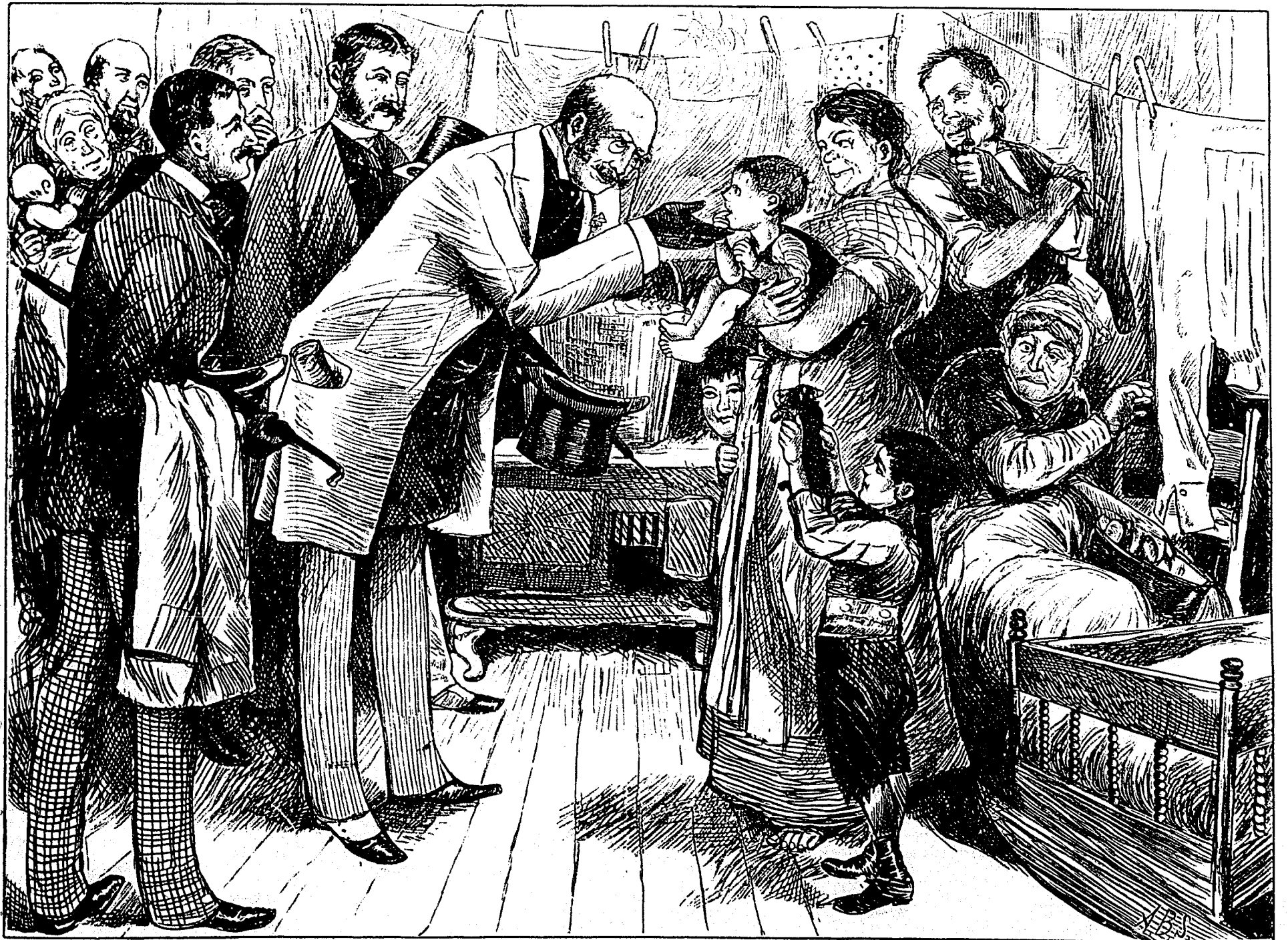




IRELAND.—THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS UPON THE MOB AT LIMERICK.



NEW YORK.—THE MISCHIEF BEATING THE ATALANTA IN THE FIRST RACE FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP.



ELECTION TIMES.—THE POPULAR CANDIDATE ON A CANVASS.

[For the News.]

## A KNIGHT OF ANY CENTURY.

In a sunny, sunny June  
Of the long ago,  
Rode a gallant knight and gay,  
To bewilder the lonely ways  
Sang he soft and loud:

"Oh, my lady, though your face  
I have yet to see,  
Some quaint fancies I may trace  
Of what you will be.  
Like a man's your courage high;  
Ne'er from honour moving;  
Like a maid so soft and shy;  
Like a woman, loving  
True, true-hearted, oh my heart!  
Self-forgotten, lowly:  
For the coming of your feet,  
Wait I none too slowly.  
Wait to pledge my knightly faith  
At your royal shrine;  
Vow to love you until death  
Little lady—mine."

Forth into the world he rode  
With this gallant strain,  
Met, but passed the noble maid,  
For—her face was plain.

MAPLE LEAF.

## QUEEN ANNE'S SON.

While the fact of Queen Anne's decease is one of the best known truths of history, most people who have passed the age of examinations do not remember that she had any son at all. Yet Queen Anne, or to be more accurate, the Princess Anne, was the mother of seventeen children, of whom only one survived to the age of eleven. This was the little Duke of Gloucester. A servant of the Duke, a Welshman, named Jenkin Lewis, wrote a little memoir of the child, which is now very rare, or, rather, not to be obtained at all. Macaulay, "who had seen almost everything which related to the reign of William III., never mentions it," though Macaulay lived for many years at Holly Lodge, near Camden House where the little Duke of Gloucester passed most of his limited time in this world. Mr. W. J. Loftie has just reprinted Jenkin Lewis's tract, with a brief introduction. The little book has a pathetic sort of interest; the details of the young Duke's life are quaint and amusing, and, as there are but two hundred and fifty copies of the volume (published by Mr. Stanford), the fresh edition is likely soon to become as scarce as the old one. As the book cannot come into the hands of many readers we propose to give a brief account of the adventures of "*Le très-puissant Prince*," as the child was called when he received the Garter in 1695. William, Duke of Gloucester, was born on July 24, 1689. He was a child of that stormy year of the Revolution, when the Princess Anne chose to follow her husband and the rising sun rather than to go with her father and the declining luminary of the House of Stuart. The baby was a very weakly child, and most people forecast his early fate. His first experiences of life took the shape of "convulsion-fits," and "all encouragement was offered for anyone who could find a remedy for convulsion-fits." Though these were the days of Dr. Radcliffe, a belief in amateur physicians seems to have possessed the minds of the Royal parents. Just as in a fairy tale, when the King offers half his kingdom to the person who will heal his daughter, people crowded to Court with their private nostrums. "Among the countrywomen that attended, Mrs. Pack, the wife of a Quaker, came from Kingston Wick, with a young child in her arms of a month old, to speak of a remedy which had restored her children." Prince George chancing to observe that the wife of a Quaker was a healthy-looking woman, Mrs. Pack was appointed to be the Prince's nurse. The Prince recovered from his fits, the nurse it was that died—some years later. On this sad occasion the Duke of Gloucester displayed his early possession of a Royal quality. "The Queen asked him if he was not sorry that his nurse was dead. He said 'No, Madam,' for at his early age he had the faculty of forgetting even his greatest favourites when out of sight." In this trait Mr. Goldwin Smith will recognize the innate rascality and instinctive selfishness of princes. The Duke, after recovering from his convulsive fits, was carried, for the country air to my Lord Craven's house at Kensington Gravel Pits. Somewhat later Camden House was taken and the Prince was driven out in a coach drawn by horses "which were no larger than a good mastiff." In 1693 he suffered from an ague; but Dr. Radcliffe prescribed the Jesuit's Powder (quinine), of which the Duke took large quantities "most manfully." Lewis now observed in the Duke a truly Royal love for horses and drums. For the remainder of his eleven years his Royal Highness incessantly played at soldiers, and displayed a becoming ambition and martial temperament. For what were princes born but the glorious game of war? The little Duke could conceive of no more noble exercise, and (after a brief interval of wishing to be a carpenter or a smith) was drilling his servant's sons, and planning fortifications, and vapouring with sword and pistol all day long. The faithful Lewis told him anecdotes of Cæsar, Alexander, and other martialists, and even learned fortification to win the favour of the little Duke. But Dr. Prat, the boy's tutor, was jealous, and himself took up the study of military engineering, "which did not so properly belong to his office, or his cloth, and thereby deprived another of the opportunity of being employed." This unclerical action of Dr. Prat's chagrined the faithful Jenkin, and he withdrew from the life of a Court to the service of a French mer-

chant in Roan, as he spells Rouen. But this is anticipating the course of his narrative. The little Duke's first guards were twenty boys from Kensington, accoutred with paper caps and wooden swords. In 1694 he was breeched, and, being displeased with the fit of his garments, ordered his guards "to put the taylor on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence room, for the punishment of offenders, as is usual in martial law." At this time his Royal Highness's toes "turned out as naturally as if he had really been taught to do so," a grace which charmed all who were acquainted with his person. Though active and lively, he was always ailing, and seems never to have been able to go up and down stairs without help. At one time he conceived that he could go nowhere without two people to hold him, and he persisted in this fancy till his father explained to him and illustrated with cuts, the nature and properties of the birch. But this seems to have been the only time that he was whipped, and his poor little life was a happy one enough. The Queen quarrelled with Princess Anne in a sisterly way, and deprived her of her guard. The little Duke who was exercising his boy soldiers at Kensington, ventured to tell her Majesty "that his mamma once had guards, but had none now," which, it was said, surprised the Queen a good deal. The King gave the boys twenty guineas; and, sad to tell, these Prætorians waxed wanton. "They were very rude, presuming upon their being soldiers; and would challenge men, and fall on many people as they came to and from Kensington to London which caused many complaints." Such are the defects of the military character and the dangers of a standing army. At that time the "Scots Dragoons" were reviewed by the King in Hyde Park. "They were as good troops," says Jenkin, "as ever I saw; with caps, and fuzees, and great basket-hilted swords, very long." The Duke observed these swords with interest, and commanded his cutter to make him a claymore, with which he would "swagger about the presence-room." With these martial tastes the little duke combined an unaffected aversion to the exercises of religion, which, says Bishop Burnet, "he understood beyond imagination; nor could he be induced to attend family prayers. The Church, therefore, lost less than the Army, it may be, by his death. His memory was good, but he mainly used it in learning the terms of war by land and sea. He even thought out a very notable stratagem whereby to disconcert boarders in a naval battle. "When we are at sea," he would observe, "I will cannonade my enemies and then lie by; so make them believe they may board us. I will send a boy up to the top-masts to let fall from thence a bag of peas, that when the enemy came to board us they will fall down by means of the peas, and I and my men will rush from the corners of the ship and cut them to pieces." In this young general's opinion, the countries which a British commander should aim at subduing are France, Hungary, and Turkey. Had he lived, he meant to conquer them in detail, nor has the feat yet been accomplished by the forces of the House of Hanover, now happily settled on the throne which the young Duke did not survive to occupy. When invested with the Garter, he said, "Lewis, if I fight any more battles, I will give harder blows now than ever." And he really thought, by being Knight of the Garter, he ought to become braver and stouter than heretofore. But, alas! the "*Très Haut, Très Puissant, et Très Illustré Prince Guillaume*," grew no stouter. The ceremonial of his eleventh birthday, July 24, 1700, left him "fatigued and in his pos'd." On the 26th he was hot and feverish. They bled and blistered the child, and he died in a delirium on July 30. His funeral was stately, and was attended by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, his tutor-in-chief. It had been arranged that Burnet, while acting as tutor, should spend no less than ten days yearly in his diocese. "Such," says Mr. Loftie, "were the notions prevalent at the beginning of the eighteenth century as to the duties of the episcopal office." Burnet could return to them now. He had read the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels to this careless little Prince, and had for two years conversed with him about geography, and "the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it. . . . The last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws." Possibly all that learning wearied the child, yet he seems to have preserved his lively spirit to the end. He made his little *mobs*, which the faithful Jenkin quotes, and appears to have been a sturdy young Prince in his mental habits, though weak of body. It is pleasant to read of his brief life, "an endless imitation" of the ways of kings. A harmless, bloodless soldier; a despot, who only scolded his maids; a child, dwelling always in fantasy, and rehearsing for the great comedy in which he was never to play, his story is more touching, we think, than fictitious romances about the deaths of precocious infants. Mr. Loftie's little volume is one that Thackeray would have delighted in; it is like a Royal version of Dr. John Brown's *Pet Marjory*, and we almost regret that, as at present published, the book can reach so few people.

FRENCH advertisements are eloquent and simple; they especially speak to the ideal minded. Here is an example: "Elderly ladies unwisely attempt to bolster out their chests with cotton—the *Lait de Ninon donne à la poitrine des gracieuses ondulations*. The remainder of the advertisement cannot be translated.

## FLIRTS IN GENERAL.

Most persons possess some good qualities, know this and wish others to know it. The process of making them known to one's own sex may be characterized under various names, while the endeavour to attract the opposite sex by them—and at the same time toying, as it were, with the passion of love—constitutes flirtation.

One can obtain the appreciation of one's own sex by doing ordinary duties well; but to gain the good will of the other sex, who may not be in a position to judge of our genuine merits, requires a manner more or less artificial. Flirtation is therefore a forced means of making one's self agreeable to a person of the other sex. In the greater or less transparency of the artifice lies the science of flirting which has infinite shades, from unblushing coquetry to the most delicate power of fascination. Society would be a dull thing without this science. If it were possible that women should cease for a short time to care what men thought about them, most of us, moralists or not, would be glad to see that short time ended.

Men and women flirt, but women more than men; and they also show it more. Women are less able than men to live without admiration, and have less other work in life than the labour of securing praise. At the same time they cannot so well keep their flirtations out of sight. A man travels and is in very few places really intimately known; a woman is, in some few places at least, closely watched. None of a man's friends know precisely with how many women he flirts; a woman's friends keep an exact account of the number of her admirers. A man to be called a flirt must first to the point of abandoning all other occupation; but a very little affability squandered under the form of smiles, procures the title for a woman.

A girl is a flirt who exchanges a coy glance with a middle-aged, eligible bachelor who picks up a glove she has dropped; she is something worse than a flirt—a minx—if she makes herself pleasant to another girl's betrothed. The iron rule of modesty, which men have imposed upon women as a protection against their wiles, leaves young women scarcely free to move or speak in the presence of the trousered sex with out risk of being thought "forward;" but women themselves are much sterner in their definition of forwardness than men. In feminine judgment every girl or pretty young woman is forlorn, and, consequently, a flirt, who monopolizes the attention of males in a social circle. This she can do by being too modest, as well as by being not modest enough; for her own sex will not account as modesty the grace which charms without attempting to do so. Men never speak so ill of the worst women as women do of the best among their sex who have the art of pleasing. There are men whom all other men join in praising; but there has scarcely lived a woman—wife, virgin or saint—who has not had detractors among other women. Should there have been some few exceptions which prove this general rule, they will be found to have flourished in the ranks of the fearfully and unutterably ugly.

Every woman has flirted; but we are not concerned with the women whose innocent flirtation are but the gush of youthful spirits, or with those who owe the title of flirt to the mere malignity of their own sex. The flirts of whom we propose to treat are those who flirt of *malice prepense*. In these, flirting is the art of sexual tantalization. It may also be termed, less philosophically, the art of playing with fire and getting scorched, more or less often. All flirts burn themselves, once at least. Some squeal when they but singe their finger-tips and retire straightway from the game with their eyes full of tears. These are third-class flirts, having no real heart in the play. The recollection of their first smart makes them redden and tingle till they become old women, when perhaps they smile and wish the burn could come over again. It was a third-class flirt who, on the strength of a short and sharp acquaintance with the ways of the other sex, invented such sayings as "Man is perfidious."

The second-class flirts get frequently burned without ever quite inuring themselves to the pain. They resemble dullish boys who play at football because they must, but never surmount the fear of being shinned. Sometimes the second-class flirt gives up playing and learns to laugh at her burns; more often she goes on till she can play no longer, and wearily sums up her experience of the sport as "all burns and no pleasures."

But the first-class flirt cares not a pin for scorches. She is the salamander who lives in the fire. Sparks fly round her and she revels in them; she is all over scars, and surveys them complacently as a soldier does his wounds. Flirt from the nursery, flirt in her teens, flirt in her prime, she continues flirting when she is an old woman and flirts on her death-bed with the doctor. If she could come to life for a moment in her coffin, she would flirt with the undertaker. Commend us to this class of flirt for making the heads of men flame like the tops of lucifer matches. She sets quiet households afire; everything turns to tinder on her passage, and when she is buried an odor of brimstone hovers over her tomb. Her old lovers would be afraid to lift up the grave slab that covers her lest they should see little blue-forked flames leap out diabolically.

Shakespeare, who wrote under the reign of a flirt, had plenty to say in disparagement of

women, and drew many flirts without giving them that name. Portia and Beatrice were both pretty fair triflers, and so was Rosalind, of whom her lover warbled:

As the cat seeks after kind,  
So will lovely Rosalind.

But a good apology for flirting is put into Othello's mouth when he says, in defence of Desdemona, that it is no reproach to a woman if she lays herself out to be pleasing. He subsequently departed from this view, when he smothered his wife; but this little piece of hastiness did not alter the soundness of his previous conclusions.

The truth is that Shakespeare lived in an age when centuries of knight-errantry, joustings, floral games, courts of love and what not, had taught women to think a vast deal of themselves. They flirted more than now perhaps, only men had learned to bear it better. A poor wretch who had been fighting three years for his lady-love in the Holy land returned to claim her after this probation; but their meeting befell on a day when it was pouring cats and dogs; whence it arose that the knight, as he threw himself at his mistress' feet, with both knees in a puddle, besought her to get under shelter and cast his mantle over her shoulders. The lady, instead of being touched by this care for her health, was indignant. "What!" she exclaimed. "If you have eyes to perceive that it rains at such a moment as this you cannot love me!" And she condemned him for his breach of gallantry, to remain silent for a whole year, if he would win her. That sort of thing would not do now-a-days. It belonged to an epoch when women doled out their smiles economically and thought a man well indemnified for wounds or chronic rheumatism by leave to kiss their finger-tips.

It was the Puritans who, in England, first reminded women that they were made to suckle fools and chronicle small beer. Drab gowns and a modest demeanour were the things they enjoined, and women have testified their appreciation of this reform by their unwavering retrospective allegiance to the cavalier party ever since. Charles II. did but restore the reign of women for a brief space; and soon the Georgian era was to come, with its days of hard-drinking, which turned men into sots, unfit to be flirted with. When gallants rolled under the table after dinner, of what power were soft glances and witching smiles? The bottle is woman's worst rival; she knows it; and the only wonder is that, in the fierce tussle for supremacy which now ensued between drink and women, the receptacle for liquor should have been able to hold its own for more than a hundred years.

There never was such a graceless, loveless, flirtless period as the last century. Men treated women like tavern wenches, and, having wooed them between two hicoughs, eloped with them on the spur of a tipsy impulse. There were Mayfair marriages, Fleet marriages and marriages at Gretna Green. The hot blood of the day, whiskified and lustful, was too impatient to brook a long courtship or the delay of banns or license. The Duke of Hamilton married one of the Misses Gunning with a bed-curtain ring; and abductions of heiresses by penniless rakes were so frequent that Parliament had to legislate on the matter. In that period of rowdy boozings, prize-fights, cock-fights, punch clubs and duels, society staggered and its morals smelt of the bagnio. It was deemed a compliment to a woman to make her the toast of a drunken orgie; and as many women passed over to the enemy, which they had fruitlessly combated, and began to drink as hard as the men. Powder and patches came into fashion to hide flushed cheeks and swollen eyelids.

Hah! it reeks with a foul whiff, that corrupt eighteenth century; and nothing less than the five-and-twenty years' war which ushered in the nineteenth was needed to make its men sober and its women coy once more. In the life of camps the love for women burns with a purer light, and the brave are ever gentle, courteous and timid toward the weak. Then poets arose amid the clash of arms; and after Waterloo, Scott, Byron, Moore and the Lakeists drew English thoughts towards chivalrous romance and pastoral idyl. The accession of a girl queen did the rest; and gradually, as the sovereign's influence, as wife and mother, pervaded the court and spread thence over the people, woman's ascendancy swelled to the full flood again, till it eventually overflowed and feminized the whole surface of society.

We now-a-days heap all our luxury on our women. Men have renounced the gold-laced coats, ruffles and jewellery of their forefathers; but they cover their women with the costliest of textures and with rivers of precious stones. Nothing is too plain or ugly for male attire, nothing too gaudy for woman's; and while the tailor's bill shrinks every year through the invention of rough colourless cloths impossible to wear out, the milliner's expands every season, because the ingenuity of modistes is forever devising tints so delicate that they can hardly bear the light, and trains so long that they are unfit for walking.

TEN millions of francs have been spent on the Church of the Sacred Heart on the hill of Montmartre, and the edifice is hardly above ground. The building will cost another twelve millions and the decoration at least five millions. The Grand Opéra cost 52,000,000fr., and it is not yet finished. The new Post Office will cost 30,000,000fr., and the Hôtel de Ville 40,000,000fr.

LAUREL.

What's this hue and cry of "laurel,"
Moses' suitors in a quarrel—
Food for wise men's mirth!

Any other plant's as holy,
Arbutus, caprifole, or moly,
Ivy in the mesh;

Can it be that Daphne, hidden,
Smiles among the leaves unhidden—
Faintheart runaway!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
J. N., St. John, N. B.—Letter received. Thanks. The
game shall appear very soon.

The Montreal Chess Club has recently been visited by
two gentlemen, who led, no doubt, by their love for the
royal game, feel constrained in their travels to present
themselves wherever chessplayers are gathered together,

Both these gentlemen contested games with the mem-
bers of the Montreal Chess Club, with results, the par-
ticulars of which have not reached us, and inasmuch as
these encounters were mere off-hand performances, it is
of little consequence who were the victors.

We see it hinted that there is some prospect that the
year 1882, which is now near at hand, will witness a
grand Congress of chessplayers in London, England.
We hope that there is some foundation for the rumour,
and that the event will be of such a character as to be
creditable in every respect to the great Metropolis.

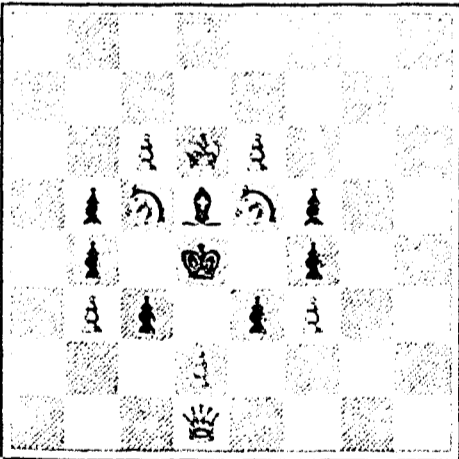
A match by telegraph was commenced last evening
between Messrs. Northcote and Starke, of the Toronto
Chess Club, and Messrs. Punched and Allen, of the
Detroit Chess Club. The match is the best of three
games, the first of which was played last night and won
by Toronto.—Toronto Globe, Nov. 17.

We hear that the match between Toronto and Detroit
was brought to a conclusion last Saturday in favor of
Toronto, the score being Toronto two games won,
Detroit one.—EDITOR C. C.

Mr. Blackburne informs me that a friend of his has
placed £200 at his disposal for the purpose of arranging
a match, or a tournament. Upon hearing this news, I
understand that some other votaries of the game offered
to subscribe another £250 on condition that the whole
amount be given as a prize in a tournament to be held
next year at Simpson's Divan.—MARR, Dramatic News

PROBLEM No. 356

By J. P. Taylor.
BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 483rd.
CHESS IN COLOGNE.

This brilliant specimen of blindfold play is said to be
the only serious game which Mr. Steinitz has played for
some years. For depth of combination and resplendent
skill it is rarely surpassed by games played over the
board. It was played at Cologne on the 27th of September,
1881, Mr. Steinitz playing sans voir against Herren
Kockelkorn and Wemmers in consultation. The notes are
from the Soustags Blatt.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

- White.—(Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P to K B 4
4. P takes K P
5. Kt to B 3
6. B to Kt 5
7. Castles
8. Q to K sq
9. P to Q 3
10. P takes Kt
11. P to Q 4
12. Q to Kt 3
13. Kt to Kt 5
14. B to Q 3
15. P to Q R 4
16. Kt takes B
17. Q to R 3
18. B to R 6

- 19. P takes P
20. Q to Kt 3
21. B to Kt 5
22. P to R 4
23. B to Q 2 (d)
24. Q to Kt 5
25. R takes R
26. H to B sq
27. P to Kt 4
28. P to R 5
29. B takes P
30. Q takes R P
31. P takes B (f)
32. B to Kt 5
33. K to R sq
34. R to H 4
35. B to R 6 (g)
36. R takes P oh (h)
37. Q takes Kt ch
38. B to Kt 7 ch
39. B to B 3, dis ch

NOTES.

(a) They cannot retreat to B 4, because of the reply Kt
takes P
(b) H 15... Kt to B 5, Black gets a bad game, as the
following continuation will show: 15... Kt B 5 16—P
takes P, P takes P 17—R R 6, and White has gained in
position.

(c) 22—P R 3 would be bad, for, after 22—B B 6 K R
2 (best), 24—P R 5 (best) his position is untenable
(d) The beginning of a fine combination. This design
was not discovered by the sides until the next move
when it was too late. At this point the intended assault
might, perhaps, be parried by K R 2, so as to protect
the Kt P, and to be able to meet Q K: 5 with Q K 2.

(e) He could make no move which would prevent the
advance of the Kt P. The plausible move, P B 4, re-
sults disastrously, e.g.:

- 26. P R 4
27. P Kt 4
28. P R 5
29. R P takes P
30. B B 4
31. B takes P
32. B B 7
33. B K 6 ch and
motes in three
moves.

(f) He might have won by 31—Q Kt 6 ch.
(g) Threatening mate in three moves by 36—Q 1 5
ch. They could not draw by R takes B
(h) Q Kt 5 ch would force mate in five moves
(i) H R takes B White mates in two moves
—From Turf, Field and Farm.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 354.

- White. Black.
1. Q to Q R 2. Any
2. Mate acc

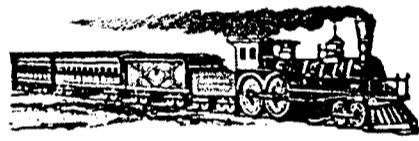
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 352.

- White. Black.
1. K takes Q Kt P 1. Any
2. Mate acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 353.

- White. Black.
K at Q Kt 5 K at K 4
Q at Q 7 Pawns at Q 4
R at K B 4 K R 2 and 4
R at K R sq
K at K B 5
Pawns at K B 5

White to play and mate in two moves.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON
Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list train routes and times, such as 'Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa' and 'Arrive at Ottawa'.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger
Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and
from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES
TICKET OFFICE:
13 Place D'Armes, MONTREAL.
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.
L. A. SENECA, Genl Supt.

CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE.
PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being
absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the
AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS than the average of other Cocos
which are mixed with sugar and starch.
CANADIAN DEPOT: 34, RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL.
Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.

APPRENTICE WANTED.

Wanted, a respectable, well-educated
young man, with a taste for art, to learn
Pictorial or Letter Engraving. Good
references required. Apply to

BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO.
MONTREAL.

British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.
Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
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Bills of Exchange,
DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate
Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty.
G. B. BURLAND,
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APPRENTICE WANTED.

Wanted a respectable well recom-
mended boy as an apprentice to the
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Apply with references

BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO.
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THE BURLAND
LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY

(LIMITED)
CAPITAL \$200,000,
GENERAL.

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AND PUBLISHERS,
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal
to all the other Lithographic firms in the coun-
try, and is the largest and most complete Estab-
lishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada,
possessing all the latest improvements in machi-
nery and appliances, comprising:—

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1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE.
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES.
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES.

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Machinery required in a first class business.

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BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES

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pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY.

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DOPINION PUBLIQUE, and
SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN

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men in every department.
Orders by mail attended to with promptness, and
prices the same as if given personally

G. B. BURLAND

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

Table with columns: DEPARTS, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows list various mail routes and times, such as 'ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES' and 'LOCAL MAILS'.





**FURS** We are now offering the most elegant and stylish assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's FURS to be found in the city.

We invite inspection.  
**R. W. COWAN & CO'S,**  
 THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS.  
 CORNER OF  
**Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.**  
**CANADA PAPER CO.**  
 Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,  
 374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.  
 MONTREAL, F. O.  
 -AND-  
 11 FRONT STREET,  
 TORONTO, ONT.

FOR  
**LAUNDRY,**  
 BATH  
 and  
 TOILET,  
 USE  
**STRACHAN'S GILT EDGE SOAP.**  
**BEATS THE WORLD!**



**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**  
 Emory's Bar to Port Moody.  
 NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.  
 Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the under signed up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.  
 Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.  
 This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.  
 Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.  
 No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."  
 F. BRAUN,  
 Secretary.  
 Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
 Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. }  
 19-20

**BANK OF MONTREAL.**  
 NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of  
**Four per cent. and a Bonus of One per cent.**  
 upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, have been declared for the current half-year and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, and at its Branches, on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day December next.  
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.  
 By order of the Board  
 Montreal, 21st October, 1881.  
 W. J. BUCHANAN,  
 General Manager.

**CASTOR FLUID** (Registered.)  
 A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.  
**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist.**  
 Sole Manufacturer,  
 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.


**BURTON'S**  
**ALL HEALING TAR**  
**AND**  
**GLYCERINE SOAP**  
 Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth.  
 ASK FOR BURTON'S



IN THE ROMAN CIRCUS - BRONZE GROUP BY MAX KLEIN.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
**EXTRACT**  
**OF MEAT**  
 FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
**MEAT-FLAVOURING**  
**STOCK FOR SOUPS,**  
**MADE DISHES & SAUCES.**  
 CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.  
 An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.  
 "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."  
 — See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.  
 To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.  
 Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.  
 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—  
  
 without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.  
 Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.  
 To be obtained of  
 MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.



**"NIL DESPERANDUM."**  
**GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE**  
 TRADE MARK. The Great English REMEDY. TRADE MARK.  
 Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing  
**THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,**  
 Toronto, Ont., Canada.




CARDS. 10 Lily and Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 15c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.  
  
**GRAY'S**  
**NEUSPRUCE GUM**  
 COUGHS & COLDS  
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
 Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY  
 in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**

SAVES TIME IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY  
 For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.  
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 55 College Street.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.  
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**Montreal and Boston Air Line**  
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**White Mountains,**  
 Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Worcester, Providence,  
**BOSTON**  
 and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIP'S.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—  
**LEAVE MONTREAL.**  
 DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.20 a.m., with Parlor Car.  
 LOCAL TRAINS to Keewilton and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m. instead of 9.15 a.m.  
 NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6.30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Caumont, West Parham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.  
**ARRIVE AT MONTREAL.**  
 NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8.25 a.m.  
 LOCAL TRAINS from Keewilton and Way Stations at 9.15 a.m., on Mondays at 8.25 a.m., instead of 8.15 a.m.  
 DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.45 p.m.  
 Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Caumont and Chambly Basin.  
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